Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 41 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 9, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

An Indian Priestess

Now and again from the great mass of India's womanhood some noble soul asserts for itself a position on the roll of fame; and we may well believe that many others, though coming short of celebrity, as accounted by human judgment, place their fellows under lasting obligation for services rendered in the fear of God. In this class we would name Chundra Lela, whose story has been told by Mrs. Ada Lee in 'An Indian Priestess.'

Chundra Lela's father was a wealthy landowner of princely ancestry in Nepal, but she was the child of a polygamous marriage, and was left a widow at nine years of age. Through the broad-mindedness of her father, she enjoyed the benefits of an education altogether unusual among girls even of her station; but at thirteen she was deprived of the care of this parent, and left to study the dark, sad story of Hinduism in the sacred books.

Among other promises held out to her was that of pardon for the sin which had caused widowhood, by the performance of 'Char dhom,' the visiting and worshipping at the four great shrines situate at the cardinal points of India. She determined to do this, and everything else prescribed in the sacred books; and across mountain and plain she went, repeating incantations and counting her beads. The devotion which she threw into her pilgrimage may be gathered from the following extract from the story:

'She bathed in every sacred river, and worshipped at every shrine on her way, making offerings to the idols, and giving gifts to the Brahmin priests. On the way to the first of the four great shrines she visited Calcutta, worshipping at Kalighat (the great temple from which Calcutta is named), and bathed in the Ganges. . . .

'The image of the goddess is hideous in the extreme. She has a black face with a protruding tongue covered with blood, and is adorned with a necklace of skulls. She is called the "Bloody Goddess," and many goats and kids are sacrificed to her daily by her worshippers. On the regular festival days the drain about the temple is said to flow with the blood of her victims.'

Chundra Lela trudged on, and at length arrived at the first of the four great shrines—the Temple of Jagannath, in the country of Orissa. The god is ugly, and the incidents of his worship are demoralizing in the extreme. The second of the shrines is Ramanath, near Ceylon, on a small island not far from Madura. Passing to the third famous temple, Dwarakanath, in the west of India, the pilgrim made further sacrifices after the manner of devotees. Lastly she reached Badrinath, in the north of the peninsula, among the snows of the Himalaya range. There it was fondly hoped that the burden of sin would be taken away. Seven years had passed since Chundra Lela left home in search of God, and not yet had she found rest and peace. Neither journeyings nor ceremonies, neither offerings nor prayers, had availed anything!

Continuing her search, she found herself at the residence of a king twenty miles from Midnapore. In the presence of the king and queen she related her moving story, and the result was that she was begged to cease wandering. The king built her a house, and gave her servants; she became a priestess of the royal household, taught the women Sanscrit, and 'performed worship' for them. Thus, in luxury and honor, she lived seven years, when the king and his first queen died. Not yet, however, did she know peace of mind; so once more she began pilgrimage, determined to please the gods, whatever bodily torture or affliction it might mean. She joined herself to a body of fakirs, and for three years called upon Ram, but without response. If anyone ever 'found out' the gods of the Hindus, it was Chundra Lela; at length, she came to distrust the Brah-

CHUNDRA LELA.

min priests, proving them to be liars rather than holy men.

Gathering up her idols, she took them to the house of a Boostrum, a caste rather low in the scale, and left them with the woman, saying: 'You may worship these if you like; I have done them homage many long weary years—all in vain. I will never worship them again. There is nothing in Hinduism, or I would have found it.' She had made the acquaintance of a girl who was enjoying Christian instruction from Miss Julia Phillips, of the American Free Baptist Mission, Midnapore. Buying a Bible for eight annas (8d.), she read it day and night at first, and soon loved it so that she could not hold her peace about the treasure she had found.

After a few weeks of inquiry and instruction, the earnest seeker expressed a wish to become a Christian. Leaving all the past, and 'counting not the cost,' she was baptized, witnessing a good confession. She took a path of her own, and, by tact, perserverance, and Christian devotion, surmounted many obstacles, and overcame difficulties before which many would have fainted. Where she had been known as a pilgrim, she has since preached the Gospel of Christ. Among others whom she led to the Lord was her own brother. He was ill at the time, and she nursed him tenderly. The story is thus told:—

'One day he called her to him, and said: "Sister, I believe in Jesus, and have been trying to serve him ever since the teaching I had when I went to see you. Do you think he will receive and save me?"

'"Certainly, brother; that is just what he died to do," said Chundra Lela.

'"You think he will?" he said earnestly. "I had intended to take my family and go to Midnapore, and come out openly and be baptized and live with Christian people; but I fear now I will never live to do that. I feel my days are few, but I do wish to die a Christian; and you think Jesus will receive me, anyway?"

'"Yes, brother; I know he will receive you now. Do you give your soul and body to him?"

'"Yes, I do; and I believe Jesus does save me. Oh, I wish I could be baptized!"

'"But there are no Padre Sahibs here, brother; no, not one in all our land," said Chundra Lela, yearningly, "and how could I bring one so far?"

'"You could not," said the dying man; "for there would not be time. But, Lela, you are a Christian, and you preach the Gospel. Why could you not baptize me? I do want to die a Christian."

'Chundra Lela thought a moment, and looked into the face of her beloved brother, for whom she had so long prayed. She then said: "Surely God would not be angry with me for doing such a thing. When I have performed all kinds of official and priestly services before heathen gods, I surely can do this for him." She quietly left the room, and returned, bearing in her hand a brass bowl of water. Placing it on the ground, she reverently knelt by her brother's bedside, and pouring out a heartfelt prayer to God, who had so wonderfully led and saved her, and had now answered her prayer in the salvation of her brother, she asked him to bless the water she was about to use, and to fill her brother with the Holy Spirit. She then, still kneeling, took the water, and dipping it with her hand, poured it upon the head of her brother, saying: "My brother, I baptize you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen." She bowed her head in silence, and it seems to me that during that solemn ceremony the angels, and the Saviour himself, must have hovered over that couch, and filled that room, away there in the centre of that heathen nation, with the glory of heaven.

'As she rose, a sweet smile of peace had settled upon her brother's face, who was no longer a heathen, but a Christian. A few days later the angels made another visit to that room, and carried her brother away with them, home.'

Other incidents must be sought in the

book itself, which is the record of a truly apostolic life. Thank God, grace knows no distinction of race, degree, or sex. The great lesson of the book is that there is no joy on earth like that to be found in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. No reader will rise from the perusal of its pages without feeling that he has been brought into contact with a truly holy life. To young Christians we feel sure it will prove of real service as showing how the life in Christ has been lived amid great difficulty.—'The Christian.'

Francis Key, Author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

(P. H. C., in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

Francis Key was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1780. Highly endowed by nature, he enjoyed such advantages of education as the time afforded, and became an able member of the legal profession and a brilliant member of the social circles of Baltimore and Washington. The 'Star Spangled Banner,' our national ode, is by no means the only product of his mind which remains to attest that he possessed the gift of poetry in no common degree. With all those brilliant qualities which command the admiration of the world, Mr. Key was not known as a Christian; he was, indeed, considered as skeptical on the subject of religion.

It was when he was touching the period usually called 'middle life' that he one day entered the office of a friend in serious mood. 'I have just been assured,' he said presently, 'by my physician, that I have a mortal disease, and that I cannot live more than a year' (I think that was the limit). 'Seeing that I must so soon depart from this life, it seems best to inquire into the truth of the Christian religion, for you know I have not heretofore given it much attention. You know all about it. Will you kindly advise me what books I should read on the subject?'

'I advise you,' promptly answered his friend, 'to read the Bible.'

'You mistake me,' replied Mr. Key. 'I wish to see evidences of the truth of the Divine origin of the Bible.'

'I understand,' rejoined his companion, 'and I advise you to read the Bible. I have long observed that those who reject that Book are ignorant of it, although they may have run through its pages at some time more than once. I consider that the Bible carries within itself stronger evidences of its genuineness than any outside testimony can possibly give it.'

Mr. Key was silent. The latter suggestion perhaps striking his conscience, he acquiesced. 'Where shall I begin? At the New Testament?'

'No; begin at Genesis and go regularly through.'

Mr. A. ascertained that Mr. Key was pursuing his advice, and calling at his office one day to learn what progress he was making, found him pacing the floor in such abstracted mood that he received only a casual salutation. He seated himself and waited; presently he spoke: 'May I ask what great problem is engrossing you so completely just now?'

'Oh, certainly. I have been studying the commandments, and I was trying to find out where Moses got them. He did not get them from Egypt, nor from Babylon, nor from any other nation, for they had them not to give. It is quite impossible that he could have conceived them himself. I am persuaded—I believe that he received them from God.'

Then he went on to point out the wisdom, the excellency, the suitableness of these laws with a force and acuteness of perception peculiar to one of his analytical constitution of mind.

Long before he came to the narrative of the Babe at Bethlehem, with which, of course, he was familiar, he had doubtless traced that wonderful series of prophecy which runs through the book, growing ever clearer in minute description as the centuries advance, pointing always to one who should come, the Messiah, the Desired of all nations, until it reaches its culmination and fulfilment at Bethlehem—a series of prophecies which no mortal ingenuity could have forged, and which can be accounted for only by the declaration of St. Peter: 'Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

Mr. Key came out from that study a converted man: 'old things had passed away; all things had become new.'

Francis Key did not die within the short period his physician had predicted—God had work for him here, and he lived. The remainder of his life was a striking testimony to the power of the Gospel in the consecration of the natural endowments and his acquired accomplishments to the service and honor of God. His muse, which has hitherto been charmed with earthy subjects, now soared to a theme loftier even than patriotism, and if many cherish his memory as the author of the 'Star Spangled Banner,' many others revere him for the heart-strung hymns with which he enriched our sacred literature. I subjoin a part of one of these because it illustrates so clearly the evangelical character of his piety:

Praise, my soul, the God who sought thee,
  Watched wanderer far away;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
  From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
  Him who saw thy guilty-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
  Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Many years after Mr. Key's death, a letter was published in the 'Southern Churchman,' written by an Admiral of the navy to Mr. Key. It was interesting, but its contents have vanished entirely from my mind, with the exception of one clause, which, in connection with the foregoing incidents, could not be forgotten. It was to this effect: 'I think I have never told you how deeply indebted I am to your mother; whatever has been best and most useful in my life has been due, under God, to her influence. You may remember that I passed a vacation with you at your home, and that while there it was your mother's custom to have some private talk with us each day. She made it very pleasant and instructive: it was chiefly religious instruction. I had never received such instruction, and it made a deep and permanent impression. It awakened new thoughts and aspirations in my mind. I wanted to serve God in my life. When I got my first ship, I called my men together for daily worship as the best means I could see for their welfare, and have continued that practice through my service, with profit to myself and I trust to others.'

Such was the burden of that paragraph. I am not at all sure of the words; but is it not like the lifting of a curtain for a moment through which one gets a glance of God's methods in his providences? If the prayers and efforts of that mother in behalf of her son had seemed unavailing for many years, they had fallen on the tender heart of the young stranger, turning him to the true life, who was to fill a place of wide influence, and who can estimate the results of such an influence over the successive companies of men who came under his control, as well as over his brother officers, during his career? 'My Word shall not return unto Me void.'

And then there was the fulness of joy at the return of the prodigal.

When is the Time to Die?

OLD POEM.

'I asked the glad and happy child
  Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
  Among the time-wreathed bowers;
I crossed her sunny path and cried:
  When is the time to die?
Not yet, not yet! the child replied,
  And swiftly bounded by.

'I asked the maiden; back she threw
  The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks, I knew,
  Like pearls they glittered there.
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
  I heard her spirit sigh:
Not now, she cried. O no, not now,
  Youth is no time to die.

'I asked the mother as she pressed
  Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
  She hushed her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her accents came,
  Her eyes were dim with tears:
My boy his mother's life must claim
  For many, many years.

'I questioned one in manhood's prime,
  Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
  Nor dimmed by woe and care;
In angry accents he replied,
  And flashed with scorn his eye,
Talk not to me of death, he cried,
  For only age should die.

'I questioned one for whom the tomb
  Had long been all prepared,
For death, who wither's dying fire
  This man of years had spared,
Once more his nature's dying fire
  Flashed high, and thus he cried:
"Life! only life, is my desire!"
  Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

'I asked the Christian: "Answer thou
  When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
  And peaceful was his breath,
And sweetly o'er his features stole
  A smile so bright divine;
He spoke the language of his soul:
  "My Master's time, is mine."'

What must Jesus Christ think of his Bride, the Church, carrying on a political flirtation with the saloon keeper, the seducer and destroyer of his children?—'Ram's Horn.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Love-Gift.

(M. McL., in 'Methodist Recorder.')

A girl of about twenty-one was wending her way to a chapel, with a basket of lovely white flowers in her hand. The Week of Intercession for Foreign Missions was to begin on the morrow, and Theodora meant to leave neither chapel nor schoolroom, class-room nor vestry, without at least a spray of fair white blossom and green leafage for that one week. She had never taken a very great interest in Foreign Missions before, but the spirit of the coming Convention had thrilled her, as so many more, and her heart had leaped forward to meet the Week of Prayer.

She was wondering, as she went, what would be the results to the world of this year of Missionary revival; wondering, too, how long ago its earliest dawn had been, in what far past years the Holy Spirit had first breathed upon those hearts to do this beautiful work. So thinking, the golden mesh of Conference and Conventions, of speeches and prayers, and earnest efforts, seemed to her, as it were, a momentary catching and reflection of those Divine sunbeams, the work of whose silent shining never ceases.

Day followed day, and Theodora brought her flower offering, and joined in the services with all her heart. The week was nearing its close, when, one afternoon, she found a girl-friend practising some new music upon the organ, and slipped quietly into a pew to wait for her. Leaning her head against a pillar, she let her eyes wander dreamily round the building. It was a plain little chapel. Plans had been made for making it much more ornamental in the new year, but, since the circuit had begun to think of doubling or trebling its Foreign Missions subscription, the plans had been laid aside—there would be no money to spare for home adornment.

Theodora was glad. To her eyes it was beautiful in its grave simplicity. The bare walls were color-washed a faint terra-cotta; the long, narrow windows were shaded by thin, plain curtains some shades darker; the dark wood pews and pulpit had been made to be used, not looked at, but the beams of the setting sun filled the chapel with a warm glow and traced the leaves of the ivy outside in dancing shadows upon the curtains, and, upon the table, the white flowers shone in the soft, rich light, pure, transparent, fit offering for the courts of the Lord.

The music of the organ rose and fell, and Theodora listened and mused, until from a waking dream she sank into a dreaming one. A sound of low wailing grew in her ears. Looking, she saw a dark stream that flowed heavily, stealthily along. It was from this stream the wailing rose, and, bending closer, the girl saw that the rolling waters were thick with white quivering flowers. Feeble, helpless, they were carried along, for they had no root. The water swept over their heads, and some lay passive in the stream, and some lifted pale, terrified eyes to the darkness above.

'Who are these?' Theodora whispered, trembling, and from some far distance she heard the answer of a slow, sad chorus—

'These are the women who are dying every hour knowing no Christ.'

Again the low wailing drew her eyes to the stream, and she saw a fast number of half-opened flowers, with slender stems, and poor, wet petals, and again she heard the distant chorus—

'These are the women whose lives are spent in the servitude of fear. They are white, but not with purity; their whiteness is the whiteness of fear, because they live in the darkness, and have not seen the sun. They are as half-opened flowers, for the fulness of the life of womanhood is unknown to them.'

She looked again, and the sight was very terrible. The dark stream was clogged with drowning flowers, but no sound rose from them. Some had hidden their faces behind tightly-closed petals; some lay quivering helplessly in the strangling waters; some were sinking very low in the cruel current, and losing the memory of a flower life.

With solemn sadness came the words of the far-off chanting—

'These are they who are cast into the waters of shame, and none cares for them.'

The girl hid her face in her hands and wept, but a cry like the faint wail of baby voices arose, and she looked again. Millions of little buds were scattered over the surface of the stream, and the cry that came from them was so full of pain and loneliness that she could look no longer.

Very tenderly, very sorrowfully, came the solemn chorus—

'These are the little ones who are born in the darkness, and no man teaches them of the light. These are the jewels of the Heavenly King; who shall render an account of them?'

Then it seemed as if the noise of the stream and the sound of wailing grew louder, and far away she could hear the chorus chanting mournfully—

'Poor flowers! Poor white flowers of the East! In the darkness you live and die, and are swept away, but your sisters dwell in the sunshine of life, and they are contented, and have no care for you!'

The noise of the sullen stream grew louder and louder, till the sound of wailing was lost; louder still, till it drowned the distant pitying chorus; then it, too, died away, and Theodora started up, awake, her eyes wet with tears.

The organ-playing had ceased and her friend was leaving the chapel. Theodora did not speak; she wanted to be alone. What Jesus Christ was in her life was real to her, as it never had been before—it was real, by contrast with those darkened lives she had looked upon. Salvation, the future life, freedom from sin, the joy and fearlessness of the earth-life—these things seemed to glow round her in a flood of glory—these were hers, and, outside, that heavy stream was rolling through the darkness, sweeping its poor white flowers—whither?

There was the claim of it—she in the Divine sunshine and they in the darkness! All her life through this thing had been, and she had not seen it. Now she saw.

'What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?' she cried out in her heart, for she was not ready to do that one thing which she felt she must. She threw herself upon her knees and continued a long time in prayer. Suddenly it was if she had heard a voice saying clearly, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all they mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

A little while and Theodora rose from her knees. A look of solemn happiness rested upon her face. She thought she had offered up a sacrifice unto the Lord, but that was not the truth—she had only opened her hands to take the new joy he was waiting to lay in them. That is always the meaning of our sacrifices. He had given a new joy, and the new joy was this—a fuller realization of his love. And Theodora had made a sacrifice—so she thought—she had knelt at her Saviour's feet, and consecrated her life to the service of those poor sisters who lived in the darkness and did not know his name.

Very soon she knelt again to thank him for having shown her their need, for having given her strength to make this decision; then she took her way homeward, full of earnest resolve, full, too, of the thought of all it would mean to her, and to the dear ones who would lose her.

That night, after all had been told and re-told in the family circle, Theodora sat at her mother's feet alone. The thought of parting had already made them cling closer.

'Darling,' she said, suddenly, leaning her cheek against the worn mother-hand, with a pain at her heart, 'do you think you can bear it. Can you let me go?'

There was a moment's silence, and then the mother laid her hand on her child's head and aswered softly:

'I thank God for having given me such a precious treasure to give to his service.'

The Name of the Sword

'That's what Lulu Marks told me; she said she heard Janie Hollingsworth say that there were only three girls in school that she would associate with.'

The speaker sat at the top of a short flight of steps that led from the Latin class room of Bloomer Academy down to the croquet ground. Below her stood eight girls, mallets in hand, poised for a run among the wickets, but delayed by this highly favored bit of school gossip.

After a moment of dumb surprise, one of the croquet players spoke, angrily: 'I must say that Janie Hollingsworth gives herself strange airs. I've heard my mother say that her mother's father—I mean Janie's grandfather—tanned the leather out of which my grandfather's shoes were made.'

'Did you ever!' cried the girl at the steps, in a tone of triumph.

'Does Miss Janie stand so high in her class that she can afford to snub the rest of us?' asked Frances Graves scornfully. Frances was the first honor girl, but Janie was not bright.

'If my brother was as good-for-nothing as Tom Hollingsworth,' began another in a rather hesitating way, but her listeners shook their heads. It wasn't fair, they felt, to put Tom's misdoings to Janie's score.

What further unkind feelings would have been stirred up by Lulu Mark's report as retailed by Virginia Howard we will never know; for Betty Donovan star-

tled the whole party by saying very quietly: 'There must be some mistake. Janie isn't that sort; I am going to ask her what she really meant to say.'

'Indeed, indeed you must not!' cried Virginia turning very red; and the others joined in her protest. 'It would only make a fuss in the school,' they said. But quiet Betty Donovan was not a girl easily turned from her purpose.

'The fuss is already made,' she said. 'I'm hoping to unmake it. No, of course I will not mention Lulu's name, nor yours, Virginia, if you do not wish me to, though it seems to me one ought not to say anything that one will not own to having said.'

Virginia at once began to cry. She had told the girls in strict confidence, she said; and if she had dreamed that there was a single girl who could betray confidence in this party, she would never have opened her lips about what Lulu Marks had said —never (sobs), never!

'It is a pity you didn't mention that you were going to tell a secret,' replied Betty; 'for you all know that I never go on a pledge about not telling things.'

Betty's manner was exasperatingly calm, and Virginia's excitement seemed rising to fever heat, when, fortunately, an interruption occurred. Grace Sevier, one of the seniors, suddenly dropped down in the midst of this party of juniors from—nobody knew where. As a matter of fact, Grace had been in the Latin class room all the time correcting exercises at the desk for Professor Sims. She ignored the present situation:

'Girls,' she cried, 'I've got a conundrum for you, and I'll give a worked pocket handkerchief to the one who guesses it first. Here it is, "What is the name of the sword which gets sharper by using?"'

A dozen questioners at once popped up their heads, and wagged around the conundrum; but the senior would only answer two: Yes, they had all seen this sword; yes, they had all used it. 'Handled?' Grace declared, for she had not said anything about 'handling.'

So Lulu's report of what Janie had said faded out of mind for the present, while the school stood on tiptoe in its eagerness to guess the name of the sword. Grace gave them until four o'clock.

After all, nobody won the pretty handkerchief; they gave it up, and had to be told that the sword was the very one they had been using rather fiercely at the moment Grace gave the conundrum. The tongue, of course; let them look up the twelfth chapter of Proverbs. Was it not true that the more evil speaking the tongue indulged in the sharper and more cruel it grew?

The juniors looked ashamed, as well as disappointed. And it did not raise them in their own good opinion to hear Betty's calm statement of facts. Betty had asked Janie what she meant to say: and it turned out that what really had been said was that until she came to school Janie had been kept so closely at home with her invalid mother that she had few associates among the girls—in fact, only three!

Was this what the psalmist meant by taking up a reproach against one's neighbor?—'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

It is said that in Switzerland every tenth death is caused by excessive drinking.

Where I Belong.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in the Michigan 'Advocate.')

Maria was old, and Maria was poor, and Maria was a widow. Could it have been worse? Yea, verily, for God was still in his heaven, and all ought to have been right with Maria's world, for it is God's world, too. When Maria became so enfeebled by illness and age that it was no longer safe for her to live alone, a home was opened to her with a sister and brother-in-law. They were kindly, generous people, and their sister ought to have been happy. But she grew more wretched every day, and her gloomy face made other members of the household unhappy.

One day there came still another 'outsider,' as Maria called it, to live in the sunny, comfortable home. She was hardly a relation, being a cousin of Maria's brother-in-law's sister-in-law. Her name was Letitia. She was like Maria in one thing only, she was poor. But her poverty seemed not to distress her at all, and she sang about the house as though sorrow were something yet unknown to the world.

Maria used to peer over her glasses at the light-hearted girl and shake her head. One day, out of the fullness of her disapproval, she spoke:

'It does pass me, Letitia, how you can go about so unconcerned, and you eating the bread of charity.'

Letitia flushed. Then she answered, quietly: 'Charity—that is love—yes, I am eating the bread of love. It is very good bread.'

'Now, what do you mean?'

'What I say, ma'am.'

'Well,' sighed Maria, 'it passes me! I realize that I have no rights in this house. I don't belong here and I hope I'll never forget it. I do not see what I have done that God should let me end my days in dependence and misery.'

Letitia was thoughtful. 'I do not pretend to understand God's way with me,' she said at last. 'Dependence must be good for me just now or he would not permit it. As for "misery," are you sure you are not committing a sin, ma'am?'

Letitia was only twenty; Maria was over seventy; but the younger woman stood her ground.

'Well, now you've got your sermon half preached, you'd better go on to "finally," hadn't you?'

'You are older than me, but I believe I am right. May I tell you how I reasoned it out for myself?'

Maria nodded. She was too far gone in amazement to speak.

'First place, I did not ask to be born. God sent me into the world, and I'm glad I believe that he wanted me here and had his place for me all chosen.' Maria was fairly gasping at such audacious, far-reaching faith. 'I was dependent according to the laws of nature for many years. God meant that, too. I had a right to be because he meant it. I am only twenty years old, but in that little time I have learned that God loves me and plans for me; that the plans are God-plans, and that it would be awful of me—awful—to quarrel with them.'

'Well, that passes me!'

'It brings the peace that passeth understanding, ma'am. It surely does! When father died, and then mother, and I had no home, it took a great deal of courage for a while to trust him. Then it all came over me that he knew what he was doing, and it was very little of my business except to be happy in it; in whatever place he put me. So when he opened your sister's and brother's hearts to give me this home, why I came to it like—like a queen to her throne! It was my right to be here, don't you see? Because God made it so. All I have to do is to be brave and patient, unselfish, cheerful, and whether I can help Cousin Ella much or little, to do my best. it would be awful of me—awful—to quarrel or be sad all the time, do you not think so?'

'Well, that does pass me!' said Maria under her breath, but after that her smiles were brighter and more frequent.

Tom's Discoveries.

(Edgar W. Work, D.D., in 'Wellspring.')

Our friend Tom was hardly prepared for the experience that befel in the office of Dyer & Martin, whither he had gone seeking employment. He had heard Mr. Dyer, the senior partner, spoken of as a crusty old fellow, but he had only a faint idea of what this meant. It was his fate to present his application to the terrifying senior partner.

Mr. Dyer looked at him sharply, and said, in a tone of command: 'Let me see your collars and cuffs. And you may turn up your pantaloons, so that I can see your stockings.'

Tom was indignant, and his face quickly showed it. His first thought was to turn on his heel and leave the office. His next thought was, 'What's the use of being stubborn? I'll just humor him, anyway.' I want you to know that Tom ran no risk, for he was as neat as a pin.

When the brief ordeal was over, Mr. Dyer nearly took his breath away by the announcement he made. 'Young man,' said he, 'I'm going to take you because you're clean. I want you to learn now, and never to forget it, that one of the ways to succeed is to keep yourself looking like a man.'

This was the first time that Tom ever realized that cleanliness has anything to do with business. Many times since he has had good reason to believe it.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

A Girl's Walk in Wales.

(Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World.')

This is the centenary year of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and marks an epoch in which the whole civilized world is interested. Many plans for the worthy celebration of this hundredth birthday are being considered, and already the King has set his subjects an excellent example by sending a donation of £100, an action of which his mother would certainly have approved. In glancing over the story of the Society, back to its beginning, it has occurred to me that perhaps there are people who do not know the close connection that existed between a girl's walk in Wales and the formation of the Bible Society.

I am writing this with Cader Idris in front of me, and the old mountain, which never looks alike two days together, is as completely hidden in mist as if he had no existence, but I know he is there, and, aided by memory and imagination, I can see his craggy slopes, his lofty grey head, and all the wonders of majesty that are on and round about him. It was in a little village called Llanfihangel, at the foot of the lower slopes of Cader Idris, that Mary Jones passed her girlhood, in a little grey stone cottage, with her father and mother and the loom, for Jacob Jones was a weaver. They were all religious people and Methodists, and the first things that Mary ever heard were Bible stories, which she learnt when little more than a baby, sitting on her father's knee. But when she had reached the age of eight she began to be very unhappy, because, although she was so old, she could not read; for in the year 1792 Education Acts, good, bad or indifferent, were not. Mary knew a good many things—how to make, wash and mend her own simple garments, how to become friends with the bees, where to find the first primroses, and the best points from which to see the sun set over Cardigan Bay, but she could not read. She wanted to learn, especially because a neighbor, who only lived two miles away, had promised that as soon as she could read she might come to her farm and study the Bible, for the farmer was the happy possessor of a copy of the Scriptures in Welsh. Soon after this Jacob Jones went to Abergynolwyn to sell the woollen cloth which he and his wife had woven, and returned with the wonderful news that a school was to be opened in the village. He had seen the room, and what was more, he had seen the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, the distinguished minister who went from place to place opening day and Sunday-schools in different part of Wales. One of the first scholars to enter the Abergynolwyn School was Mary Jones, and she thought little of the two miles which lay between the school and her home at Llanfihangel, so eager was she to get lessons. It was not very long before she claimed the fulfilment of the offer of the farmer's wife, and every Saturday went to the farm to read the Bible. The book was kept in the centre of the parlor table, 'reverently covered with a clean white cloth' to keep it from the dust, for 'the word of the Lord was precious in those days—there was no open vision.'

It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment when, for the first time in her life, Mary Jones found herself alone with a Bible. And as she looked at it, and into it, the resolve grew within her that she would one day possess a Bible of her own. 'I "must" have one,' she said, 'if I save up for it for ten years.' She began from that very day. The farmer's wife gave her a present towards it—a cock and two hens—that she might get some money by selling the eggs. She ran errands, did odd jobs of mending, minded babies, gathered up sticks, and put every farthing which she earned into the Bible money box. Once she was so fortunate as to find a purse, for returning which the owner gave her sixpence, the first silver coin she ever received. Week by week and year by year she dropped every trifle into the box, and at last, when she was sixteen years old, she had enough money to pay for the treasure which she had so long desired.

Then the question arose, Where could she buy a Bible? After consulting all available friends she discovered that the only person likely to have one to sell was Mr. Charles, of Bala. It was known that some time before he had some Welsh Bibles for sale, and he perhaps had one left, so Mary decided to walk to Bala and get one.

This walk for ever memorable in the history of the Bible Society, is one over which many people should go on pilgrimage during the centenary year. It is through magnificent scenery, with glimpses of the sea in the distance, along by Taly-Llyn Lake, through the Pass of Taly-Llyn, along the lower slopes of Cader Idris and near the foot of Mynydd Moel, on to the road above the Torrent Walk of Dolgelly, and then away by crag and waterfall, by grey hill, sunny meadows and fern-covered rocks, by picturesque farm and cottage, a lonely road, and flower-filled wood to Bala Lake and its pastoral scenery.

It was a walk of twenty-five miles that lay before Mary Jones on that lovely spring morning when she started on her quest, her thoughts preceding her to 'Apostolic Charles' and the Bible. An early breakfast of hot milk and bread, and family prayer, in which her father commended her to the protection and guidance of God, began the notable day; and then, with her shoes and some food in a wallet which had been lent her, and in which she meant to bring back the Bible, over her shoulder, 'her bare brown feet treading lightly along the road, her head erect, her eyes glistening, she began her journey, the bonniest, blithest maiden on that sweet spring morning in all Wales.'

She accomplished the walk by nightfall, and went, as she had been told to go, to the house of David Edwards, a Methodist preacher of Bala. He told her it was too late to call on Mr. Charles that night, but she should sleep at his house, and as soon as he saw that Mr. Charles's study window was open in the morning he would call her.

So the tired girl slept until a voice roused her: 'Mary Jones, wake up, child, the dawn is breaking. Mr. Charles is an early riser, and soon it will be time to see him.'

Mary's heart beat so with excitement that she could not become calm for a few moments, as she often afterward said when telling the story. But she sat on the side of the bed and repeated the twenty-third psalm, and was soon quieted.

Mr. Charles was surprised to see David Edwards and his little friend so early; but he was ready to listen to Mary's tremulous story, and to ask her questions until he possessed all the facts. Then he said, 'My dear child, I am deeply grieved to have to disappoint you, but all of the Welsh Bibles I received last year from London were sold months ago, except a few which I have kept for friends, whom I must not disappoint. Unfortunately, too, the society which published them has decided to print no more Welsh Bibles, so I do not know where to get one.'

Then Mary's courage and strength forsook her, and dropping into the nearest seat she buried her face in her hands and sobbed for sorrow.

Mr. Charles looked on for a few moments and then he said, with sympathetic tears in his own kind eyes, that she should have a Bible, whoever went without, and unlocking a cupboard he drew forth a volume and changed Mary's tears to smiles.

So, after a frugal breakfast, the girl started on her twenty-five miles home, her Bible for companion.

In the winter of 1802 Mr. Charles went to London, and he told the story of the girl's walk in Wales to the committee of the Religious Tract Society, whose hearts were touched by Mary Jones and the poverty of Bibles in Wales. The Rev. Joseph Hughes rose and said: 'Mr. Charles, surely a society might be formed for the purpose of supplying Wales with Bibles, and if for Wales, why not for the world?' And so on March 7, 1804, at a meeting held in the old London Tavern in Bishopsgate, attended by 'about three hundred respectable persons of different religious denominations,' including Granville Sharp, William Wilberforce, Dr. Porteous and Zachary Macaulay, the British and Foreign Bible Society was formed. Mr. Charles saw its first publication through the press. It was a large edition of the Scriptures in Welsh. When the consignment of New Testaments reached Bala 'the Welsh peasants went in crowds to meet it, welcomed it as the Israelites did the Ark of old, drew the cart into the town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispersed.' Among the treasures of the Bible House which will be shown at the centenary is the Bible which Mary Jones carried in her joyful walk from Bala to Llanfihangel, with a note in her own handwriting: 'Mary Jones His the True Onour of this Bible, Bought in the Year 1800. Age 16.' The Society has on sale a little book containing the interesting story of the Welsh girl's life.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Backwood's Heroine.

(Leslie Lee, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Twenty-five years ago there were wolves in the backwoods of Muskoka, although they are nearly all gone now.

Sometimes, of a cold winter night, as the family of some pioneer settler were gathered cosily around the stove, talking and laughing, there would arise on the quiet air outside such a wild and woeful cry, as the famished creatures howled after their prey, that the children crept closer together, silent and awestruck, and the parents glanced around upon them and thanked God that all their children were safe within the sheltering walls of the log cabin.

In one of these primitive homes there lived a Scotch family—father, mother, and eight children. The two eldest boys—who were strapping lads in their teens—soon learned to handle the axe like born Canadians, and helped their father in making a large clearing. In order to earn some ready money they had taken the contract to carry the weekly mail from their own post-office to that where the stage took it up. Their post-office was two miles east of their home, while it was twelve miles west to the stage connection. One boy rose at four a.m. and went east for the mail-bag while the other was eating breakfast and preparing for the westward trip. As oxen were then their only beasts of burden, the journey was made on foot.

During the second winter of their life in Muskoka, both boys fell ill at the same time, through sleeping in a damp shanty while away from home. Mail day was at hand. Father would have to carry the bag westward, but who would go to the office for it? The second daughter, a rosy-cheeked lass of sixteen, volunteered. By four o'clock next morning, Sarah, arrayed in hood, scarf, mittens, and moccasins, started out. The dark blue sky was thickly spangled with stars, the air still; the only sound was that of her own footsteps on the crisp snow, or the occasional sharp cracking of a limb by Jack Frost.

Her breath rose like white smoke, and a white fringe of hoarfrost soon formed on her hood and encircled her face. On she went, knowing no fear, and rather enjoying the keen morning air. When she had reached the office she was in a fine warm glow.

The sleepy postmaster soon handed her the mail-bag, and she started home. The bag was not very heavy, perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds; but it was enough to make her slacken her pace. There was still no sign of dawn, and the woods on either side added to the darkness.

Another half-mile and she would be out of the woods, when—what is that which breaks the stillness? A prolonged blood-curdling how-ow-l! followed by another and another, until it seemed as if all the evil spirits were let loose. The wolves are out!

Sarah's heart stopped beating, her blood seemed frozen in her veins, her limbs powerless. 'God help me,' she prayed, as she staggered on. 'Are they on my track?'

The horrible baying rose and fell on the morning air. Now it seemed nearer, now more distant; and still Sarah sped on, her hope and courage growing with every step. By the time she reached the clearing the sound had grown faint in the distance.

When safe under her father's roof the tension was relaxed, and she dropped into a chair by the fire, covered her face with her hands, and found some relief in sobs and tears.

'Dear me, lassie, are ye greetin'?' asked the mother. 'Are ye so very cauld?'

'Leave me alane, mother' (with a hysterical little laugh), 'I'm just thawin' out.'

Next mail day came round, and Sarah set out again on her early walk, this time with determination on her face, but not without misgiving in her heart. In due time, however, she returned safely.

That night, after retiring, she said to her elder sister: 'I heard the wolves, Mary, the first morning I went for the mail.'

'No!' said Mary instinctively putting her arm round her.

'Ay, I did, and I thought my end had come.'

'And you went again the day?'

'Yes, somebody had to gang, and why no' me? I'm no' better than the boys.'

'But they are stronger, and better dressed for rinnin' and climbin' trees.'

'Awheel, maybe they are, but the Lord took care o' me; and don't tell mother about it.'

The brave girl still lives, and her whole life has shown that same unflinching doing of duty which characterized her when she went for the mail-bag.

Lost Property

The boys were together when Phil found the pocketbook, and it seemed the sheerest chance that Phil, instead of Harry, should have seen it first and picked it up. But Harry was honestly delighted at what he deemed his companion's good fortune—a delight that outlasted the discovery that the pocketbook had the owner's name. 'Well, Mr. Morley ought to pay you a good reward for returning it, anyway,' Harry said.

'He won't, just the same,' Phil answered. He had heard more or less about Mr. Morley's eccentricities, and the man's reputation warned him to expect nothing.

'Then I'd keep it,' Harry affirmed.

'It wouldn't make the pocketbook mine, his not giving any reward.'

'"Finding is keeping"—that's an old saying,' Harry suggested.

'Yes, I suppose it would be so if you didn't know who the owner was and could not trace him. This is marked as Mr. Morley's property, so I haven't any right to it.'

'Oh, well, perhaps he'll advertise for it and offer a reward,' Harry said, hopefully. Phil shook his head.

'I'd hate to feel as if I was waiting to be hired to be honest,' said Phil. 'I guess I'll take it to his office right away. There's so much money here that it would make me nervous to have it round.'

'More fool you!' was Harry's summing up.

Phil almost agreed to that judgment at the moment when he first encountered the rich man's sharp eye and disconcerting tongue. It was not pleasant to see Mr. Morley run over the bank-notes as if he hardly expected to find them all there. Nor was it pleasant to hear him say, rather brusquely, 'Well, I suppose you think you ought to have a reward for this?'

But Phil kept his wits about him and his eyes at the front, and answered very promptly, 'I think you ought to offer me one.'

'Hey? What? That's your idea of honesty?'

'I think you ought to offer one,' Phil repeated. 'Just for policy—as a kind of investment, you know,' he explained.

'Hey? What? Investment? Bless the boy!'

'Lots of people think—would like to think—that whatever they find belongs to 'em. If they knew you wouldn't—er—make it worth their while to return it, they—well, it would be easier for 'em to think so.' Phil might have stated the case more clearly; yet the rich man seemed to understand. He put up his hand as if to hide a smile.

'Something in that idea,' he said. 'How much do you want?'

'I don't want anything,' Phil rejoined. 'I thought I'd let you pay my car fare, if you wanted to.'

The rich man shot another piercing glance.

'Seems to me if you were real anxious to be honest you'd be willing to pay your own car fare,' he suggested.

'Yes, I s'pose I could,' Phil admitted. 'I took the car because I thought you'd be glad to know, right away, that the money was safe—and because I was scared to have so much with me, and wanted to get rid of it,' he added, frankly.

From the depths of his pocket the rich man gravely extracted a dime, which Phil accepted with equal gravity.

'Much obliged,' said Mr. Morley.

'Much obliged,' said Phil. 'Good morning, sir!' He turned toward the door.

'Hold on a minute!' Mr. Morley cried. 'Just write your name and address on this slip of paper, will you? Always like to know with whom I'm doing business.'

Phil did as he was requested. That apparently ended the incident. Mr. Morley did not present him with a fortune the next day, or take him into partnership the following week, as rich men sometimes do in story-books. But when vacation came Mr. Morley sent for him and offered him employment of a most desirable sort, since it gave an insight into a business which was exceedingly profitable, and the explanation Mr. Morley gave a friend was simply this:

'I've kept my eye on him. Other people have sounded him for me. He's honest, deep down. He's clever, too. Fancy his studying out that idea, that the person who finds a lost article has no right to a reward, but that it's good business to offer him one, to encourage other folks! You can't get back of that, sir, and the boy who can think so clearly and act so squarely is the boy for me!'

So probably Phil did a good thing for himself, viewing the matter from the low ground of policy, even, when he returned the pocketbook and refused a reward. That he did the right thing there can be no question.—'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Shoemaker's New Pet.

'I think Jocko would like a mate.' So said the happy shoemaker one day, as he lifted up his hammer. Hearing his name, Jocko scampered over the floor, and took a seat upon his master's knee.

'Would you, Jocko ? Say, now!'

'Oo, oo! o-o-o!' answered Jocko.

'Cut-cut-cu-dar-cut!' 'coo, coo!'

THE SHOEMAKER'S NEW PET.

'wee, wee!' 'pit, pit, pit!' 'whir-r-r!' echoed the chickens, the doves, the guinea-pigs, and the white rats. The rabbits wiggled their long ears and looked wise.

'Yes, and his name shall be Bimbo," said the shoemaker.

Bimbo came a few days afterward. He was rather shy at first. His eyes kept winking, and he seemed to say, 'Why, I never saw such a lot of queer folks before.' But he soon got acquainted. He pulled Jocko's tail and chased the doves.

Jocko did not like it, and squeaked with distress. The shoemaker reproved Bimbo; but the monkey chased the doves again, and scared the guinea-pigs.

'Ah,' said the shoemaker with a sigh, ' I fear Bimbo is a bad boy.'

One night a dismal din arose in the shop. Squalls and screeches, and 'pit-i-pits' and 'cut-cuts,' and sounds of things tumbling down, filled the air.

A policeman going by laughed, and said, ' I guess the menagerie is having a picnic.'

The shoemaker ran in with a lamp. What a scene met his eyes!

The bantam rooster had lost his tail. The chickens and the guinea-pigs were huddled in a corner. The rest of the pets were screaming and crying in their cages. The tools were pulled off the shoemaker's bench and flung about the floor.

Jocko cried, 'No, no, no!' very pitifully when he saw his master.

Bimbo sat on a stool, looking dismal enough. Beside him were some fragments of matches which he had been chewing. A bottle lay upon the floor, spilling out blacking. Bimbo had drank about half of it.

'Come here, Bimbo, you rogue!' cried the shoemaker.

The naughty monkey wagged his head feebly. He crept towards his master and lay down at his feet. Two or three mournful squeaks—and poor Bimbo was dead.

'So much for wicked conduct,' sighed the shoemaker, as he wiped a tear from his eye.

A monkey-skin now hangs in the little shop. Below it is a card, with these printed words:—

'BIMBO.

'Died of Bad Behavior and Brimstone Matches! Take Warning, All !'

—Kham, in 'Our Little Ones.'

Coming Home at Four.

'Now, off to school, Sarah!' said Mrs. Watts, looking at the tall clock, 'Miss Patty wants you to come early.'

Little Sarah was playing with the kittens. She could not decide which kitten was prettiest, and she wished it was not time to go. But her mother tied her sunbonnet and put her primer in her hand.

'May I come home at four?' asked little Sarah.

She had heard a girl say to Miss Patty, 'Mother told me to come home at four.' Then when the four-hand was at four, Miss Patty remembered and said:

'Jane Harris, it is four. You may go home now.'—But Sarah had never gone at four. She always went with the other children half an hour later, when school was out. So her mother was surprised, but she said:

'Yes, you may come home at four.'

Sarah walked down the road with a feeling of importance. Her home was just out of sight from Miss Patty's, because the Harris barn and a tree stood between. There were no houses on the way, because the town was not much built up, but several children lived

beyond Sarah, so she came and went when they did. She joined them now and said:

'I'm going home at four!'

Passing the Harris lots and orchard, they reached the lane at the foot of Miss Patty's yard just as a flock of geese left it, going to the brook.

'I'm glad we didn't meet them,' said Jane Harris; I'm afraid of geese.'

The gander stopped and looked around at them. He had a very long neck, and he hissed.

Then the little girls ran, and got to school before Miss Patty rang the bell.

'Miss Patty,' said Sarah, eagerly, 'my mother says I may come home at four!'

'Very well, Sarah,' said Miss Patty. 'I will remind you.'

It was a pleasant afternoon in school. Sarah was bright, and read nicely in her primer, and worked the letter S on her sampler. She was just going to sit by her friend, Ann Beebe, when Miss Patty looked at the clock and said, 'It is four Sarah; you may go home.'

Sarah held herself straight and looked composed as she walked out of the room. She knew that all the children turned their heads to look at her.

She carried her primer, and taking her sunbonnet from the nail, tied it on herself.

Then she stepped into the yard. Not a person was in sight along the road. Sarah had never seen it deserted before.

She walked slowly down the yard, and said to herself:

'I wish I could see my father somewhere.'

The road looked very long; she had never seen it look so long before.

She reached the foot of the yard and saw a big dog sauntering along, so she waited for him to go by. In one of the fields two cows pastured, and they both had their heads over the bars, looking into the road. 'I believe they mean to jump over!' thought Sarah.

Slowly she moved to cross the lane, when a new danger arose. The geese were coming home. The gander had seen her, and hurrying ahead of his flock, he flapped his great white wings and hissed. 'Away with this creature in a sunbonnet and check apron!' he seemed to say.

Sarah turned and ran back, clasping her primer, and never once stopping till she reached Miss Patty's door. There she sat down on the upper step, close to the cinnamon rose-bush, and listened to the hum of voices in the schoolroom. She felt that school was very pleasant after all. 'That's Ann spelling,' she said, as one voice rose shrilly. 'Now that is Jane reading,' she said after the shuffling of feet told her the other class had come out. She did not go into the room; she could not meet Miss Patty's eyes. She sat there, stock-still, till school closed and the happy throng of children poured out at the door. Then she went home as usual between Ann Beebe and Jane Harris, and did not mind when Ann said, 'You're a little goose!' But she did not ask to be dismissed again.—'Youth's Companion.'

What a Button Did.

A True Story.

It was really a pretty button that lay unconsciously in the corner of mother's drawer, but it had rather an unusual history.

It was nearly as large as a two-shilling piece, made of cut steel to represent a buckle. It was set with turquoise and had corrugated edges. There were three bright steel prongs. It had belonged to mother when she was a girl, and we children loved to ask questions about how it had looked with the eleven others that had adorned the blue velvet jacket that was fashionable at that time.

But it suddenly lost all its charms, and we children hated the very sight of it.

There was five of us. Big sister was almost a young lady and was gentle and sweet, making us look up to her, and she always told the exact truth.

The rest of us were in the habit of telling things a little crooked, and little sister could not possibly keep anything just right.

Everything had been tried that could be thought of, but she could not, or would not, tell the truth. Nothing seemed to teach her.

Mother had been reading to us from an old school reader about the magic necklace that grew long or short and changed color when the wearer told a lie, and a sudden thought came to her. The beautiful button was to be a 'truth button.' It was put upon a string, and the first child that told a falsehood was to wear it, to remind him of his duty.

Of course little sister was first to fall.

She was going to get some thread for mother, and wanted to stop at an insurance office kept by a friend and ask for a calendar, but mother said, 'I do not like you to. It is annoying, and not just the right thing to do. Run for the thread and right back again.'

She was a very dejected looking little girl when she kissed mother and left the house.

It did not take long, and she ran in with curls all about her face, looking so pretty and rosy. Holding up a pretty calendar, she said: 'As I passed by the office, Mr. Williams handed me this. I thanked him and ran on to you, mother. Isn't it pretty?' all the time talking so fast and out of breath.

Mother quietly took the button, and tied it around her neck, saying: 'Just keep it there until it helps you to tell me the exact truth.'

Nothing ever touched her as that button did. She thought every one knew why it was there. She ran and hid, and cried for a long time, and at last a truly sorry little girl crept up to mother with 'Please take it off. I asked for the calendar, I will remember. Just try me.'

It was a long time before she again forgot. She had to wear it many times, but the button cured her and all the rest of us. Just think how a boy looked with a blue button buckle around his neck!—Temp. Record.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON III.—OCT. 18.

David's Confession.

Psalm li., 1-17.

Golden Text.

Create in me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Ps. li., 1-13.
Tuesday, Oct. 13.—Ps. li., 14-19.
Wednesday, Oct. 14.—II. Sam. xi., 14-25.
Thursday, Oct. 15.—II. Sam. xii., 1-14.
Friday, Oct. 16.—II. Sam. xii., 15-23.
Saturday, Oct. 17.—Ezra ix., 5-15.
Sunday, Oct. 18.—Luke xviii., 9-14.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities, and cleanse me from my sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
5. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.
12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.
13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
16. For thou desired not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

This lesson is taken from Psalms, but it is necessary to read the story of David's downfall in order to clearly comprehend it. You will find the account in II. Samuel xi. and xii. Up to this time David has been in our eyes a manly soul, who would not stoop to do anything of a low or mean character. He was a brave and skilful soldier, a true friend, a patriotic citizen, a loyal subject of the king, and a servant of God. But David was a man with human failings, after all.

Had some hero worshipper been writing the story of David's life, we might have expected that this glaring double crime would have been omitted, or glossed over and excused. But God through his inspired writers, presents the truth. He excuses no sin, but presents this ugly blemish in David's life as faithfully and vividly as any of the worthy deeds of his career.

This Psalm is the expression of David's penitent heart, after his sins had been all shown to him in all their hideous character. It is well to note here that such a sin as this does not come suddenly in the course of a life that has always been pure in thought as well as in deed. David may never before have done any outward act of evil of such a serious nature, yet his heart must have been corrupted by an impure imagination, or it would have revolted at the thought of so terrible a wrong when the opportunity came.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1-5. We may divide the lesson into three parts. In the first, consisting of the first five verses, we have as the chief theme David's confession and prayer for pardon. The two opening verses are a cry for mercy, but it is implied that there has been sin, or there would be no call for the blotting out of transgression, the cleansing from sin. Notice the strong expression here used. In these two verses we have three figures, but slightly differing, or perhaps one figure expressed in three parallel phrases. Summed up, they mean that sin is regarded as a filthy pollution, from which the Psalmist David longs to be cleansed.

Then, in verses 3-5, David makes full confession of his sins. Note that he does not say transgression, but transgressions, for his fall involved the two great sins of adultery and murder. 'Against thee, thee only,' etc., does not mean that he had committed no offense against man, but compared with his sin against God, the other was not to be mentioned. All men were sinful, and deserving of suffering, but God was infinitely pure, so that the sin against him stood forth as a thing by itself. 'That thou mightest be justified,' etc. He confesses his sin so that God, if he rebuked or punished him, would be dealing justly in the eyes of all who should observe it.

Not only had David committed sins, but he had inherited a sinful nature, as have we all. He does not excuse himself by this, but is sorrowfully acknowledging the sad fact.

In verses 6-12 we have the second part of the lesson, and here have David's longing for restoration. To be simply pardoned is one thing, for that means that punishment shall cease or not be inflicted; but to be restored to the former condition and estate is a further blessing. The governor of a state may pardon a criminal, so that he is at once released from prison, but he cannot restore to him his lost reputation, and the success in some honorable calling that he has forfeited by crime. After his confession and prayer for pardon David is not satisfied, but longs to be 'restored to the joy of' God's salvation.

He goes about this in the right way, for he acknowledges God's demand for purity —'truth in the inward parts'—not mere outward obedience to moral law. Then he begs that God will create in him a clean heart, the great need of the sinner, and that he will not take away from him his Holy Spirit, for through the Spirit we are guided into and sustained in holy lives. Read in this connection Romans viii., 1-14.

Verses 13-17 deal with the fruits of this renewed life. 'Then,' after his restoration, and the renewing of his spiritual life, David would be ready to accomplish a work among men. He would now, as a forgiven and restored man, be able to teach transgressors and be instrumental in the conversion of sinners. If God would deliver him from the bloodguiltiness that weighed upon his soul, then he could sing aloud of God's righteousness. The last verse shows that David realizes the conditions of forgiveness, so far as the sinner's side of the case is concerned. This very acknowledgment of his is one of the fruits of his own humble prayer.

What a great hope for the sinner this Psalm holds out. Here is David, guilty of a hideous double crime. He confesses fully his sin, and asks that God blot it out and cleanse him from it. Then he begs for restoration to a clean heart and to the joy of salvation. These conditions met, he is not only to be a saved man again, but one able to perform good works in the saving of others. From a lost sinner he becomes a fruit-bearing saint.

The next lesson is David's joy over forgiveness. Psalm xxxii.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Oct. 18.—Topic—Great men of the Bible: what Moses teaches us. Ex. xxxiv., 28-35; Matt. xvii., 3, 4; Heb. iii., 1-5.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BLIND BARTIMAEUS.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Spiritual blindness. II. Pet. i., 9.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.—Blind Pharisees. Matt. xxiii., 26.

Wednesday, Oct. 14.—Blind hearts. Eph. iv., 18.

Thursday, Oct. 15.—Blindness cured. Ps. cxlvi., 8.

Friday, Oct. 16.—Through Jesus. Luke iv., 18.

Saturday, Oct. 17.—Seeing and knowing. John ix., 25.

Sunday, Oct. 18.—Topic—What blind Bartimaeus teaches me. Mark x., 46-52.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 26, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The War Commission Evidence—The 'Spectator,' London.
Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain—American Papers.
The Open Mind—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Protectionist Revival—Professor Chapman's Views—Manchester 'Guardian.'
France and the 'Unknown Pope'—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Maitre Labori—By E. W. S., in the 'Morning Leader,' London.
The Promotion of M. Witte—The Manchester 'Guardian'; the 'Spectator,' London.
Chinese Widows and the Practice of Suicide—North China 'Herald.'
The Emperor of Japan and the 'Elder Statesmen.'—Special Correspondence of the 'Times,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

On the Trail of Liszt—By James Huneker, in the 'Sun,' New York.
Music and Worship—The 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

September—Poem, by Archibald Lampman.
A Novelist's Philosophy—By A. G. Gardiner, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Pierre Loti: The Man and His Books—By Frederic Loes, in the 'Pall Mall Magazine.' Abridged.
The Dogmas of Free Thought.—III.—The Strange Legend of Science and Religion—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Comte Anniversary—The 'Standard,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An Old-Time Survival—By A. L. G., in the 'Morning Leader,' London.
The British Association at Southport—President's Address Abridged from English Papers.
Finical Pronunciation—The 'Daily News,' London.

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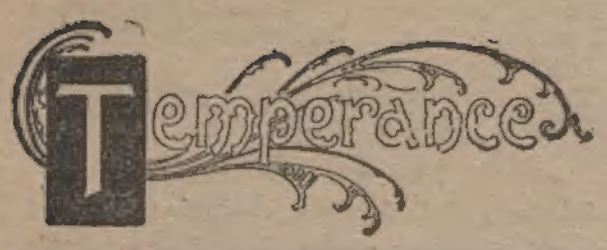

Sandy Brown

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

(G. Jameson, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER III.

'That's a nice young gentleman, Helen. What do you think?'

'Oh, he'll be nice enough, I suppose—just mind your promise. Nae use blamin' me for drinkin' when ye're waur than me. Ye ken wha pawned the blankets—an' quotin' Scriptur' to the man, like a saint! I tell ye, Sandy, ye're ower keen o' the dram, an' ye should be honest, an' say sae.'

'Helen! you'll see! I've often said it—this time I mean it—with the help of God.'

'Aweel, Sandy, we'll see.'

'I'll go down to McAulay's about that job. Tidy yourself up a bit, woman, will you?'

McAulay's was the brightest place in the district. It was a spirit-shop into which not a few of Sandy's hard-won sovereigns had gone, and out of which a few shillings might come at an odd time, for work done.

McAulay wasn't a bad fellow. He was licensed to sell, and he liked to be civil—even generous, as Donald, the constable on the beat, could testify, having had not a few 'nips' given, to hold his tongue if now and again a customer leaving McAulay's revealed a passing infirmity in his feet.

'Well, McAulay, what about your job, now?'

'It's you, Brown—what's wrong wi' that lock?'

And while Sandy, feeling very resolute, worked away, one and another dropped in, and soon the talk was general and breezy enough. At first McAulay didn't notice Sandy's abstinence, but soon it was referred to. Sandy declined treats, but worked on and perspired terribly. 'Mid all banter, some of it sore enough, he held his own ground. Long Tom, the fine young slipper-maker, was soon in the thick of it:

'Ay, Sandy, an' you were at the Hall, last night, I suppose? Word powerful? How many, did he say again, convartit at fambly prayers? Oh, yes, it was fourteen—ay, it was fourteen, I just forgot— An', of course, you're saved, Sandy? But what does Helen say? I saw her this afternoon, an' I'll back she wasn't saved then. But, never mind, Sandy. Stand to it, ma ballochan! Only, McAulay here will be a poorer man, that's all. Anither half, Edward; we must support the Three Flags all we can if you are to lose Sandy's custom.'

So Tom rattled on. They all liked him. His songs were easily the best to be heard of an evening in McAulay's 'Family Department'; and, if you kept off his one 'sore point,' Tom was 'great company.'

McAulay himself affected to look sad, though he winked hard over his shoulder to let Sandy 'have it hot'; but it was no use. All the length he would yield was to take some lemonade, while he assured Tom he had not been in the Hall since that night Tom had made such an ass of himself by hanging up his coat on the lamp-post, preparatory to going to bed on the street!

That turned Tom's flank at once. It was his sore point off which his friends usually kept; and when he now looked hard at Sandy the look was returned in such a way that Tom didn't care to say more just then, for everybody in The Open knew well that Sandy was 'a hardy little chap'—very handy with the mits.

McAulay, playing the part of the Greek chorus, summed up the situation with a very common-place remark, bustling noisily with his glasses and bottles, under cover of which, as indeed he hoped and intended, most of those present took their leave, making room for a relay of fresh patrons of Mr. Edward McAulay.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day, Saturday, I was through The Open early in the forenoon. Brown was at work. His wife had washed her wrapper, and now looked ever so much better. The drink effects were not wholly gone; but, all round, everybody was brighter, and already one or two extra articles of furniture were in evidence.

Sandy's first appearance at our Sabbath evening service was truly heroic. Men of the type wanted were usually scarce, so that a 'freshman' was a real catch. Not long before this we had wiled in an old tailor; and it was a treat to see the old fellow coming in, so full of conceit was he of the needle, all aglow in blue surtout, and a grand tall hat, newly off the iron, whose frequent dressings were only too plainly marked on the aforesaid hat. But friend Thimble mysteriously disappeared one night; and no pressure availed to bring him back.

'It's all very good; but I can see it quite well.'

'See what?'

'That these old women are already setting their caps for me; and I won't stand it.'

Poor old Thimble! He was so serious, too. And soon he passed out of our ken.

Happily, Sandy was not so touchy. No such considerations troubled him who was so far down that even God might forget him. His coming meant life or death—and he chose life. Still wearing his wife's boots, his red and black small check cravat well spread over his breast to cover scanty shirt, no waistcoat, jacket buttoned firmly—in he came, like an arrow, head low on breast, straight to the back of the hall, into a seat behind some others—ashamed, yet resolved. As now and again I caught his piercing eye that night, how could I have dreamed that in years to come his own words, from that very platform should be for the healing of weary, laden souls!

His fight was hard and long; but God upheld him. In vain he gathered up a house again—his wife broke it up. She certainly, as Tom had wittily remarked, was not saved. To Sandy it was no fun; she nearly drove him mad. Why that man did not return to drink God alone knows. Sure am I tens of thousands have—just at that trembling stage. He held on, poor fellow, fighting sin within and without; and, but for grace omnipotent, he had fallen in the fight.

(To be continued.)

A Prohibition Railway.

Louisiana is the proud possessor of a railway along the line of which liquor cannot be sold—the only prohibition railway in the world, so far as we know. In 1890 the St. Louis, Watkins and Gulf railway was built by Mr. J. B. Watkins, of Lake Charles, from that point to Alexandria, one hundred miles. Mr. Watkins bought and incorporated all the town sites along the line, and the deed for all lots sold contains an anti-liquor clause, which clause has been upheld by the Appellate Court. The case which called forth this decision deals with the only violation of the law in thirteen years. Would that this country had more railway builders like Mr. Watkins!—'Union Signal.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
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Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

What men in the Bible were called by the following names, and by whom:—

1. 'A mighty man of valour.'
2. 'A man greatly beloved.'

By names which mean:—

3. Drawn out.
4. A piece of a rock.
5. Laughter.
6. Father of many nations.
7. Grace of God.

BIBLE RIDDLES FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

'Out of the eater came forth meat,
'Our of the strong came forth sweetness.'

'With the jawbone of an ass heaps upon heaps,
'With the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men.'

These can be found in the second half of the book of Judges.

A BIBLE 'SHIELD.'

F ear not.
A sk.
I will do it.
T he Lord is my helper.
H e that keepeth thee shall not slumber.

Hajin, Turkey, Aug. 27, 1903.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of a friend in Dundee, Canada, I have been receiving the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. My brother Fred and I enjoy reading the stories in it very much. Hajin is quite a large town in the Taurus mountains. It is so enclosed by mountains that it is something like living in a well, and we have to look straight up to see the sky. The town is peculiarly built up on both sides of an immense rock or hill, so that the only level part of the town is on the ridge at the top, and the rest of the houses are built like stairs, one above the other, the flat roof of one house serving as a dooryard for the next one above. I have four brothers and one sister, and they were all born in Hajin, except my sister Isabel and me. I was born in Tarsus, and am in my twelfth year. Isabel was born in America while we were visiting there three years ago. My brothers' names are Fred, Alexander, Norman and Arthur. We had a pleasant time camping for two weeks up on a mountain three hours' distant from Hajin. Besides ourselves and Miss Spencer, there was only a shepherd encampment near us. They supplied us with milk and fresh goat butter every day. We found some pretty fern fossils and rock crystal there. JESSIE E. MARTIN.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and I think it is a lovely paper. I was up to Orillia this summer for part of my holidays, and I must tell you what a fine time I had. Orillia is on Lake Couchiching, and we were in bathing nearly every other day; we were out on the steamer 'Longford,' and the scenery is beautiful along the lake. I am ten years old, and I am in the senior third reader. My birthday is on April 12.

NORA J.

Lincoln, California, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I live away out here in California. As I have not seen any letters from California, I thought I would write one. I live in the little town of Lincoln. We have four churches, two hotels, seven or eight stores, and a nice large schoolhouse. I go to school every day when it starts. I am in the seventh grade, and I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on July 15. There are nine grades in our school. One of our relatives sends us the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. My father owns a hotel, candy-store and a barber's shop, and a nice home. I have five sisters. My big sister works in the store, and my sister and I wait on the table. I have waited on table ever since I was ten years old. We live about thirty miles from Sacramento, and about

a hundred and twenty miles from San Francisco, and I have only been there once. There were thirteen convicts escaped from a prison not far from here, and they have only caught six. MILDRED McC.

Louisburg, C.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Louisburg in the 'Messenger,' I thought that I would write one. I was born in Boston, Mass., and we came down to Louisburg, three years ago, on account of my papa's health. Louisburg is a very pretty place, and we live only a few yards from the harbor front. There is a large shipping pier here, and they ship considerable coal through a conveyor with a large rubber belt through it. There are quite a number of steamers and sailing vessels in and out of the harbor all the time. A great many tourists come here every summer to visit the old French ruins, which are not far from where I am living. This is a great place for bathing, boating, fishing and other kinds of sport. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on July 22. I am in the seventh grade in school. On Closing Day I got a book of Whittier's poems for being the best reader in my class. It is a lovely book, with a morocco cover, and I also received a prize from papa for getting the highest average. Our pastor, the Rev. Mr. B., made me a present of a year's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger.' I liked it so much that I am renewing my subscription for another year. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, CHRISTINE McK.

Lacombe.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, and was so glad to see my letter in print, so I think I will write again. My father is the postmaster, and we just got the post-office a week ago. There are no people around here that take the 'Northern Messenger' except us, so when we read it we send it to some of the others. We only have church here every other Sunday, and we have no Sunday-school at all. I ride quite a lot on horseback, which I like very much, and sometimes I herd cattle. Sometimes we can pick berries, as there are lots on the Red Deer River, six miles from here. There is a store eleven miles from this place; it is just a new store, but they have nearly everything in it. I will write again soon. MARGARET D. E.

(An interesting little letter.—Ed.)

Manitowaning.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you about my holidays. I was away for a trip to a place called Spanish and a place called Walford. My mother and I were there. We were going to see my grandma and grandpa and aunties and uncles. It was rough going up. When we got there we were glad. There is a big rock there that has blueberries on. One day I went up on the rock, and I saw a ground-hog in a crack of the rock, which I tried to get, but I could not. We went up to Walford, and my cousins and I went picking cherries, and we had a nice time. Then we came back to Spanish on the train and stayed with my grandma another week, and then we came home on a tug.

BEATRICE V. (age 12).

Dawn Mills.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I always read the 'Little Folks' Page' first. I go to school, and am in the third reader. I take music lessons. We live on a farm five miles from Dresden. I have two sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is older than myself, and I will be eleven on December 17.

HAZEL IRENE T.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Pittypat and Tippytoe.

(Eugene Field, in 'Boston Transcript.')

All day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall
Tell-tale streaks upon the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

How they riot at their play!
And, a dozen times a day,
In they troop, demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick, and sugar, too!
Never yet have I said "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!'

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe—
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For—I much regret to say—
Tippyto and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat;
Fie! oh, fie! to quarrel so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a murmuring to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss;
Life's indeed a fleeting show,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And, when day is at an end,
There are little duds to mend;
Little frocks are strangely torn,
Little shoes great holes reveal,
Little hose, but one day worn,
Rudely yawn at toe or heel!
Who but you could work such woe,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me,
'Some there are that childless be,'
Stealing to their little beds,
With a love I cannot speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek
God help those who do not know
A Pittypat and Tippytoe!

On the floor, along the hall,
Rudely traced upon the wall,
There are proofs in every kind
Of the havoc they have wrought,
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trademarks, if you sought.
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Selected Recipes

Chicken Croquettes.—Boil two chickens, saving the stock, and boil down to one quart. Cut the chicken when cold quite fine. Chop a small onion and a few sprigs of parsley together. Put into a saucepan half a cup of butter; when melted put in the onion and parsley, and when well cooked, add to it two cups of stock and one of cream. Stir until smooth, add pepper, salt, nutmeg, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. When it is well mixed, put in the chicken. When cold, mold into cone shapes and put on the ice to become thoroughly cold before frying. Roll in cracker crumbs and egg and fry in hot lard.

Jam Turnovers.—Mix three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour to a batter with one egg and sufficient milk. Add two tablespoonfuls of suet, finely chopped, and one teaspoonful of baking powder, and heat well. Grease a basin, and well cover the bottom with jam. Pour the mixture in and boil or steam for about an hour. Turn out in a hot dish.

NEW PATENT LAW.

The bill presented by the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and which received its first reading on May 28, 1903, became law on Aug. 18 last. The new law makes the term of Canadian patents heretofore granted, or to be granted, entirely independent of corresponding foreign patents (Sections 2 and 16); it allows the placing of patents under The Compulsory License System in lieu of the actual manufacture of the patented articles (Sections 7 and 10); and it permits the revival of certain patents which were not worked or manufactured as required by the old law. The condition of Canadian inventors is much improved by the new law, and it is expected that the number of patents applied for will greatly increase in the near future.

'Messenger' readers may obtain further information on the subject from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal.

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Wouldn't you like to have one? "My Engine can run **6 to 8 spools** and I am delighted with it. All the boys want to buy it, but I wouldn't sell it for $1.00." That is what Alf. Dural, Bracebridge, Ont., said, and we have dozens of other letters praising this big, powerful Engine. It stands 11 inches high and is strongly made of steel with polished brass boiler, safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head, connecting rod and crank shaft with fly wheel attached, so that you can run all kinds of Toy Machinery. Just the machine to delight every boy's heart, and all you have to do to get it is to sell only 8 of our large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "Simply to the Cross I Cling," and the "Family Record." These pictures are all beautifully finished in **12 colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c., and give each purchaser a 50c. certificate **free**, return us the money and we will immediately forward the Engine. Remember it is **all free**. We allow you to keep our money to pay your postage. Write us for Pictures to-day. Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 480 Toronto**

FREE RIFLE

Given for selling only **10c.** each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) made entirely of steel barrel and walnut stock. It shoots B.B. shot, darts by compressed air with force to kill birds, rats, etc., at a distance of 50 ft. Ed. Charlebois, Eastman's Springs, Ont., writes: "You are the most honest Company I ever dealt with. I am quite proud of my Gun. It is a dandy and shoots splendidly." Boys, write us to-day. The Pen Co., Toronto

20 Glass Pens at these wonderful Pens are glass. They never rust, and write a page with one Magunson, Churchbridge, "The Pens went like wildfire. I sold them to 3 families in 5 minutes." This Long-Distance Air Rifle is of the latest model with all-steel sights and fittings, improved stock. It shoots B.B. shot, darts by compressed air with force to kill birds, rats, etc., at a distance of 50 ft. Ed. Charlebois, Eastman's Springs, Ont., writes: "You are the most honest Company I ever dealt with. I am quite proud of my Gun. It is a dandy and shoots splendidly." Boys, write us to-day. The Pen Co., Toronto

Real Opal Ring Free.

Superior Quality Solid Gold Filled Ring, **Guaranteed for five years**, beautifully set with **three large real opals, not imitations.** The prettiest and most expensive Ring ever given away. Miss Cora Washington, Auburn, Ont., writes: "I am perfectly delighted with my Opal Ring. I consider it a gem of beauty and a very elegant gift for the small amount of work I did." Girls and ladies, we will give you this beautiful Real Opal Ring free if you will sell only eight of our large, beautifully colored Pictures, named, "The Angel's Whisper," "Simply to the Cross I Cling" and "The Family Record." These Pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c. and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return the money, and we will send you this beautiful Real Opal Ring Free. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 478 Toronto.

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to have the prettiest Doll in the World for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will mail you postpaid, 8 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, and give a Free Certificate worth 50c to each purchaser, return us the money, and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is 21 inches high, as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest, long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and movable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real dolly is much prettier than her picture, because we can not show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. **We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than **$2.00 cash**, and we want to give it to you absolutely free for **selling only 8 Pictures.** Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c." Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and this beautiful dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 437, Toronto.

BOYS We want to give you the finest MAGIC LANTERN YOU EVER SAW.

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in twelve different colors and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large well made, finely finished Lantern with 3 fine focussing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send twelve beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf," Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. We want every boy who reads 'The Northern Messenger' to get one of these Lanterns. The five pictures can easily be sold in ten minutes and we give a 50c certificate free to everyone who buys one from you. Address THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 476, Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 10 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing 739 choice Receipts. A Certificate worth 50c. given free with each Book. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch, I would not trade with my father. I sold the Cook Books easily after school." Write us to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 482 TORONTO.**

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25c. each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in **twelve colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This elegant watch has a heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. Norman Heisey, Unionville, Ont., writes "Many thanks for my watch, I am just delighted with it. My father set it with his watch the first night I got it and it is exactly with it yet. The people all think it is a little dandy and my school friends are all going to try and get one like it." Boys, you will never get a chance to get as handsome a watch for nothing. Write to-day. **THE COLONIAL ART Co., Dept. 477 Toronto.**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'